THE ORIGINAL "THANATOPSIS."

It is interesting to know, says the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, that Bryant's greatest poem, "Thanatopsis," was not written in a day, but cost the author many years of patient pruning and remodeling before it became a perfect poem. A great poet's first thoughts, when preserved, are always interesting as literary curiosities. Sometimes they may be superior to the matured production; as a rule not. This reproduction of the draft of the original "Thanatopsis" is well worth preserving to place beside that form of the poem with which alone the general public is familiar. The following was read by Dr. Little at a late meeting of the Dearborn Circle:

THANATOPSIS.

Not that from life and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah! when I touch Time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flattering verse may breathe
Of ease from pain and rest from strife;
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry Justine frowned severe.
And 'tis th' eternal doom of Heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again:
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with a share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shall thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent.

Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in quiet pensiveness between—
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty—and the complaining brooks
That wind among the meads and make them green,
Are but the solemn decorations, all,
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of Heaven,
Are glowing on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

Take the wings
Of morning and the Borean desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil Oregon, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings, yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny—the tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favorite phantom. Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!

—*By William Cullen Bryant, 1817.*

A HOUSEHOLD DRUDGE.

Her Strife After a Higher Life and What Came of It.

I had worked in Aunt Deborah's kitchen till nobody expected anything else of me. I had been retained in the house on sufferance at first, because Aunt Deborah's brother, my father, had run through all his property, and was only distinguished by his shiftlessness and the size of his family. I suppose I was never missed from that superabundant home circle; anyway they never came to see me, nor ever inquired after me, that I know of.

Aunt Deborah had a great deal of company, being a rich and childless widow, and fond of society. But no one ever noticed me. I was not even snubbed, for it was not worth while to snub a mere drudge like me.

My cousin, Elsie Allston, was also a member of my aunt's family, but she received very different treatment from that which fell to my lot. Her father was aunty's favorite brother, therefore she was educated, and was understood to be certain of a home and life's comforts always, and of a fortune at Aunt Deborah's death.

Yet I did not envy my fortunate cousin, for while I was let alone, and at least took pride in the consciousness that I earned my own living, Elsie was continually being taunted with her dependence, and she was kept in abject servility by her constant threats of disinheritance.

Elsie would have been kind to me if I had allowed it, but I had a sort of pride which forbade me to receive patronage from any one. I must be received on an equal footing or not at all. The only pleasure of my life was unlimited liberty to use the books in my aunt's great and ever-increasing library. My rough work unfitted my hands for sewing, a fact for which I was sufficiently thankful, as it increased my leisure hours.

For the first two or three years of my stay I read novels exclusively. But one of the novels happened to have a noble and aspiring woman for its heroine. Somehow, the story of that life haunted me day and night, and I resolved to be something worthy of love and respect, whether I ever received my reward or not.

My first step was to map out a line of thought and conduct, and a course of reading. My intellectual nature was to be molded by some of the best books in my aunt's library, and that ideal woman of whom I had read was to be my moral lever, lifting me into an atmosphere of self-forgetting holiness and love. I believed that it Aunt Deborah's drudge had never had an opportunity of showing her devotion to the human race, her own soul would grow rich by the quiet effort.

It had been years since I formed this resolution when Mr. Gleason, forming one of a party of visitors, came to my aunt's house. But having company to cook for in the summer had come to be a settled thing, and all company meant to me was drudgery, and less time to read.

There was no prophetic voice to whisper to my heart, on the morning of Mr. Gleason's arrival, that my fate, my hope and my despair, my blessing and my misery had come to me. He was only one more guest, to be cooked for and to be waited upon by the drudge.

One day Elsie came to me with her sweet, weak face tearful and pleading.

"You must help me, Hannah," said she.

"Help you do what, child?"

"To keep Aunt Deborah's good will and marry Mr. Gleason. You see Mr. Gleason is very poor, and if aunt threatens to disinherit me it may lessen my chances of getting him."

I think my astonishment and disgust showed themselves in my face as I answered:

"Have you so little confidence in your promised husband? So little faith, and yet willing to be his wife?"

She made an impatient gesture.

"You don't understand," she said, slowly and unblushingly. "He has not asked me to be his wife, but he will. I am sure he will! He does not love me very much, but when we are married, and he sees my devotion, he will be different."

Then she put her face in my apron and sobbed bitterly, and I knew by her tears that she had many misgivings.

"How can I help you?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied, through her tears, "but you can manage anything, I am sure. Aunt Deb says you are to this house what grease is to an axle; that is you seem to make everything run smoothly."

I could not help smiling as I replied:

"That is the first compliment I ever received, and I think it is an exceedingly doubtful one. It can not be expected that a kitchen drudge can successfully intermeddle in so delicately a matter as a love affair. Why, Elsie, I never was in love in all my life, and I daily pray Heaven to preserve me from any such calamity, because the man I could love would not notice such a person as I seem to be."

"I don't know," said Elsie, dubiously, and for the time forgetting her troubles. "There is something about you different from other servants—something strong and masterful, but I think you are troubled with morbid sensibilities. Promise me you'll help me if you can, Hannah."

"Yes, I can make that promise with perfect safety," I replied.

I formed a little plan of action very speedily. That evening I went to Aunt Deborah's room, and being bidden to enter, my first words were:

"I suppose you mean to leave Elsie penniless if she marries a poor man?"

"Yes," replied she, "I have secured for her the offer of a very eligible husband. If she does not see fit to accept him, her future must be what she makes it."

"Then," said I, Elsie's loss will be my gain, I hope. Don't fail to consider me after she has flung away her chances for some day becoming your heiress."

Aunt Deborah looked at me steadily for a moment, as if she felt inclined to think I was taking leave of my senses; then she sat in her chair and laughed long; laughed until her round face was very red indeed. As soon as she was in a condition to speak she said:

"You had better have practiced awhile on some one else before you tried to overcome my purpose with strategy. Your face betrays you. You are not earnest enough, and you are most mortally ashamed of yourself. You know that I am contrary, and you know that I am always angry with the person that wrongs Elsie; therefore you thought that by making me angry with yourself you could get me to vow eternal fidelity to Elsie. Not so. It is just as I have said. Elsie must obey me or she will not receive a penny from me. As for you, you have strength and ability to earn your own living. You know how to work, and do not care for the luxuries that money brings. You do not need my money, and, further, I do not believe you want it."

I turned away with a bitter smile. How little did my aunt know of my tastes, only because I was too proud to make them known! And my intended aid to Elsie had proved a failure.

The next afternoon, having had a leisure hour, I went into the library, intending to carry a book up to my room; but becoming interested in the volume I had selected, I forgot my purpose, and seated myself in an obscure corner. Not long after the door opened, and Mr. Gleason entered. He spent some time searching among the books, and at last turned to the door with empty hands and an air of disappointment. Then I arose and suggested that I might, perhaps, be able to find for him whatever he wanted.

He turned and surveyed me for a brief moment; then asked:

"Whom do I address?"

"Hannah Allston, the cook and floor scrubber," I answered.

"I was searching for a work on architecture and I am disappointed at not finding it, because I wished to settle a warm argument, fast descending to dispute, which I left in full progress in the drawing-room. I am sure I could establish my point if I had the book I saw here yesterday."

I returned to the afore-mentioned corner and produced the volume I had been perusing with so much interest.

"This is probably what you were looking for, sir," I said.

He took the volume from my hand with evident pleasure and just as evident surprise.

"Ladies do not usually care for this sort of literature," he said apologetically, when he saw that I had read his face.

I replied:

"Ladies have little incentive to care for such things, because society promptly and most emphatically discourages all such indications of strong-mindedness. Of course it can make no difference to a woman whether the house she lives in is built in Corinthian, Doric or Gothic style, or has no style at all. In her an affectation of pretty, childlike simplicity is considered very interesting, and, if she can be interesting, why need she aspire to become intelligent?"

"I think you are mistaken, Miss Allston. I think the days when a woman was admired for her ignorance may safely be named in the past tense."

"You are a man of society, and ought to know; but my small field of observation has shown me that some women, at least, affect frivolity and simplicity in the presence of company, from which I inferred that society admired that kind of women."

"Perhaps it does, after a fashion," he replied, with a smile. "But depend upon it, Miss Allston, the scepter of belleship was never yet wrested from an intelligent conversationalist by an ignorant woman, even though the brilliant woman has a much plainer face than the other. People love to be entertained, and one who can offer wit and wisdom without pedantry is sure to be admired, and, if she can add genuine unselfishness to her list of accomplishments, to be loved also."

"Perhaps," said I. "But have you not forgotten to return to the drawing-room?"

"Thank you for the reminder, Miss Allston; may I venture to hope that this will not be our last meeting?"

"I am, as I told you, a servant, and prefer not to be patronized. We met by accident. If we meet again I shall not recognize you."

He smiled good-humoredly, bowed, said: "We shall see," and turned away.

I felt vexed with myself for having conversed so freely with a stranger, and made sundry good resolutions by which my future deportment was to be governed.

I do not understand what there was in the trifling event just narrated to stir my nature to its depths, but that night I did not close my eyes till three o'clock. I began to hate myself for having remained so long in a menial position without a struggle to rise above it. A beautiful thought came to me at last with the suddenness of inspiration. I had in many instances proven myself to be a good nurse for the sick. I had more than once administered simple remedies with success in the absence of a physician. I had been fascinated by the study of anatomy and physiology; why not add to these a knowledge of therapeutics? Why not become a physician, practicing among women and children? The thought was healing oil to my troubled spirits, and I was soon asleep, happily ignorant of the long struggle entailed upon me by my resolution, of the cost of medical courses and the difficulty of persuading patients that a woman can be fit to undertake a "case."

It was wonderful how often Mr. Gleason found it necessary after that to come to the pump at the kitchen door for a drink, and how he persisted in not noticing the glass I placed there for his accommodation, but must always come into the kitchen, no matter how busy I was, and trouble me to get one for him, and pause awhile to talk.

I found out one thing. I could talk, and no one had ever tried to draw me out before.

I was not alarmed when I found that I watched eagerly for his coming. I told myself that no one whose friendship was worth caring for had ever before treated me like a rational being and an equal, and that had this friend been a woman my love would have been just the same.

We talked on every subject, from the love of legends to international politics, and I never dreamed that it was more than the pleasure of speaking on subjects remote from puddings and pies that made me care for the society of Mr. Gleason.

I had a terrible awakening. One day he was just leaving me when a voice on the lawn was heard to call out:

"Where's Mr. Gleason?"

"Down in the kitchen, I suppose, courting the cook," was the answer, more suggestive than ladylike.

It was not the heat of the stove that made my face burn at that moment, and the thought flashed into my mind that I had an unquestionable right to be courted; just as Mr. Gleason reentered the room and said:

"That coarse jest on the lawn has made me resolve to ask you now what I had intended to defer to a later day. I love you, Miss Allston; will you be my wife?"

"Oh, no, no, Mr. Gleason. Where is your honor, to trifle with the affections of Elsie, then seek to wed me? I am surprised beyond measure. I thought better of you. Go!"

"I can not tell what you may have heard," he replied, with a pale, stern face, "but I have certainly been no more attentive to Miss Elsie than courtesy demanded. I had dared to hope for a different answer. You have accused me of dishonor. That parts us."

Then he was gone. The same day he departed from my Aunt Deborah's. "A sudden fancy for sketching among the mountains. Never thinks of anything but his art," complained the guests. The following day Elsie's engagement was announced to the person whom Aunt Deborah had chosen for her. She could not live without plenty of money, she said.

Six years passed, during the most of which I was not in communication with Aunt Deborah or any of my relatives, they having with one accord refused to forgive me for being "strong-minded," and persisting in the study of medicine. They were years of hard work and almost unendurable loneliness. I was engaged in professional labors in a village in Vermont.

One day a messenger came in great haste to call me to the bedside of a stranger who was very ill, perhaps dying. No male physician was to be found. Would I go? I hesitated but a single moment. How thankful was I afterward that I obeyed the impulse of mercy and cast aside that of prudery! It was Mr. Gleason!

When he became conscious, days afterward, he reached feebly for my hand and said:

"This is what I have been praying for. I have found you at last, Hannah."

That was five years ago, and now we have been married just four years and eleven months, and are as happy as mortals, subject to the ague and their neighbor's chickens, can ever hope to be. On our marriage day I threatened to "throw physic to the dogs," but my husband said:

"No. You shall always be my physician."—*Chicago Herald.*

CABLE TALK.

What It Costs to Send Messages to the Different Parts of the Globe.

Since the laying of the first trans-Atlantic cable in 1858, the extension of a connected line of wires from this country to Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and Australia has been progressing with great rapidity, until now there is an almost uninterrupted line of telegraphic communication extending around the globe, and, but for a few thousand miles between this country and Australia, across the Pacific, completely girdling it. The constantly recurring frequency of rumors to the effect that a trans-Pacific line is about to be laid gives promise that in the near future this will be accomplished. Ordinarily people have no idea of the extent to which telegraph lines have been carried. They can not imagine that there is hardly a village of over ten thousand people in any part of the earth but what has its telegraphic station for the receipt and transmission of messages. Nevertheless, such is the fact. That the revenue from such a tremendous systematized concern can not but be very large is easily understood when it is known that for messages to some parts of the world from San Francisco a charge equal to over $10 per word is levied. From Washington to Great Britain, Ireland, France and Germany, to send a message costs 42 cents for each word sent. To Alexandria in Egypt it costs 76 cents per word; to nearly all places in South Africa, $2.67 per word; to Rio Janeiro in Brazil, $2.83; to Callao in Peru, $6.20; to Burmah in India, $2.22; to Ceylon, $1.67; to Canton, Foochow, Nankin, Ningpoo and Soochow, in China, $2.85; to Amoy, Hong Kong and Shanghai, $2.47; to Corea, $3.80; to all ports in Japan, $3.40; to all seaports of Turkey, 62 cents; to Australia, $3.07; New Zealand, $3.32; the Canary Islands, 76 cents; Austria, 53 cents; Belgium, 48 cents; Bulgaria, 56 cents; Corsica, 51 cents; Denmark, 52 cents; Gibraltar, 60 cents; Greece, 58 cents; Holland, 50 cents; Hungary, 52 cents; Italy 51 cents; Norway, 52 cents; Portugal, 57 cents; Russia in Europe, 60 cents; Russia in Caucasus, 67 cents; Sicily, 51 cents; Spain, 58 cents; Sweden, 56 cents; Switzerland, 48 cents; the Madeira Islands, 80 cents; the Phillippine Islands, $2.87.

The maximum length of a chagreble word is fixed at ten letters. Should a word contain more than ten, every ten or fraction of ten letters is counted as a word. Groups of figures or letters are counted at the rate of three figures or letters to a word, plus one word for any excess. Code messages must be composed of words selected from the English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Portuguese and Latin languages. No cipher messages are allowed in Servia, Roumania, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bulgaria and Bosnia. Telegrams directed to be mailed from any telegraph office in China to towns or cities in that country must have an additional charge of thirty-seven cents for postage.—*Albany Argus.*

What James Did.

One day a very pious clerical friend, who had consumed an hour of his valuable time in small talk, said to James Harper, the publisher: "Brother Harper, I am curious to know how you four men distribute the duties of the establishment between you." "John," said Mr. Harper, good humoredly, "attends to the finances, Wesley to the correspondence, Fletcher to the general bargaining with authors and others, and, don't you tell anybody," he said, drawing his chair still closer and lowering the tone of his voice, "I entertain the bores."—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

—Pearls deteriorate by age, contact with acids, gas and noxious vapors of all sorts. A leading importer advises that pearl necklaces, which are liable to deteriorate by coming in contact with the skin, be restrung once a year, as drawing the silk thread out and through the pierced parts tends to cleanse the pearls. In Ceylon, we are assured on fairly good authority, that when it is desired to restore the luster to Oriental pearls the pearls are allowed to be swallowed by chickens. The fowls with this precious diet are then killed and the pearls regained in a white and lustrous state.—*N. Y. Post.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Chautauqua University, which is conducted on the correspondence plan, has now 60,000 students.—*Buffalo Express.*

—The timber work of the domes of the Church of St. Mark, at Venice, is more than 840 years old, and is still in a good state.

—It is one of the proudest boasts of Washington that its outfit of public-school buildings is better than that of any other city in this or any other country.—*Washington Post.*

—Three new Quaker missionaries are reported to have arrived safely at the capital of Madagascar, and a second doctor has been appointed to assist Dr. Fox in the medical mission there.

—Many English clergymen are suffering severely from loss in the revenue of their parishes. In four benefices in one archdeaconry in the diocese of Peterborough, the aggregate income has fallen from $10,000 to $1,000.

—In the University of Glasgow a scholarship of the value of $3,095 has been established by the Adelaide Street Baptist Church, Glasgow, for the aid of Baptist students. It is called the James Paterson Bursary, after a former pastor.

—The report of the Board of Education of New York City for the past year shows an expenditure of $4,616,841, an average daily attendance of 139,950, and the cost per capita of this attendance, $29.61. The number of teachers employed was 3,603. The twenty-eight evening schools had an average nightly attendance of 8,004.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—We have seen the school advance to a public and free system; in place of the ignorant pedant who boarded round and taught the whole family out of one book, we have full graded schools in backwoods districts where the scholars are so few that each pupil has to in himself make two grades, in order to have enough pupils to go round among all the grades.—*The Patrol.*

—The Springfield (Mass) *Union* says "The proposition to levy a State tax for the purpose of schools will fill the hill towns with joy. There is a principle of justice in it. The State compels every town to maintain schools; yet the ability of towns to do this is very unequal. Some towns are the favorite residences of rich men and others are deserted by enterprising sons as soon as the law allows."

—It is interesting to know that one at least of the best traditions of classical Greece has lasted down to these latter days. This is the readiness of rich citizens to perform public services at their private expense. The University at Athens boasts an endowment at this moment of more than $12,000,000. There is a hospital at Athens, too, entertaining more than a hundred aged brothers which was founded by a single wealthy Greek citizen.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—If homes were made brighter and happier there would be less attraction on the streets for young people.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A new novel soon to appear will be entitled "A Superior Woman." We all know her. She married some other fellow. They always do.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A surgeon, who wished to compliment the heroism of a soldier who had just had his leg amputated, told him that he had stood it like a woman.—*N. Y. News.*

—A little grammar is a dangerous thing. "Johnny, be a good boy, and I will take you to the circus next year." "Take me now, pa. The circus is in the present tents."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Miss Innocence: "What? Two dollars! Why, you're just too dear for anything!" Cabby: "Go aisy, Miss; if ye'd only tould me that last week, it's married I was this mornin'."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Irishman explained that he was smiling because he had seen his cousin from Cork that day. On being asked if there was good news from home, he replied: "I only saw him across the street; and when I ran up to him, I found he was not the man."—*Christian Union.*

—"I don't think it necessary for that man Crags to hobble around on those clumsy crutches." "Why, the poor fellow has one leg six inches shorter than it ought to be." "I know that, but Gen. Sheridan has both legs eight inches shorter than they ought to be, and he takes only his staff when he goes out."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Our homes are what we make them. We can't quell a domestic riot or put a quietus to family jars by simply hanging up a green worsted motto of "God bless our home." Neither can we support our families by suspending the other popular motto, "The Lord will provide." It is honest toil that makes the kettle boil.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Say, Bob, you're 'out' with Miss Parsons, ain't you?" "Yes, Joe." "What happened?" "She's experimenting too lavishly." "Experimenting! What at?" "Trying to cure freckles by eating ice-cream." "Well, what ought you to care?" "Oh, I don't, providing it's at some other fellow's expense. It was costing me a dollar and a half a freckle."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A Misunderstanding.—"I wonder what is the reason we have to import celery from the North?" asked Colonel Spilkins of Gus de Smith. "I suppose it is because we don't have any cellars down here," replied Gus de Smith, who doesn't know any better. "If there are buyers, there will be plenty of sellers," observed Colonel Spilkins, whose mind runs on business, and who does not know yet that he has made a good joke.—*Texas Siftings.*